contempt for graciousness and charm, an unconscious severity and morning chilliness, an evasion of passion, as if passion meant the death of art— such are the constituents of sentiment and morality in all old masters, who selected and arranged their means of expression not at random but in a necessary connection with their morality. Knowing this, are we to deny those that come after the right to animate the older works with their soul ? No, for these works can only survive through our giving them our soul, and our blood alone enables them to speak to *us.* The real "historic" discourse would talk ghostly speech to ghosts. We honour the great artists less by that barren timidity that allows every word, every note to remain intact than by energetic endeavours to aid them continually to a new life.— True, if Beethoven were suddenly to come to life and hear one of his works performed with that modern animation and nervous refinement that bring glory to our masters of execution, he would probably be silent for a long while, uncertain whether he should raise his hand to curse or to bless, but perhaps say at last: " Well, well! That is neither I nor not-I, but a third thing—it seems to me, too, something right, if not just *the* right thing. But you must know yourselves what to do, as in any case it is you who have to listen. As our Schiller says, ' the living man is right/ So have it your own way, and let me go down again."

127.

AGAINST THE DISPARAGERS OF BREVITY.—A brief dictum may be the fruit and harvest oT long